

Oxford Democrat.

VOLUME 3.

PARIS, MAINE, TUESDAY, AUGUST 25, 1835.

NUMBER 2

OXFORD DEMOCRAT,
IS PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY BY
GEORGE W. MILLETT.
TERMS—One dollar and fifty cents in advance.
—One dollar and twenty-five cents at the end of six months.
—Two dollars at the end of the year.
No paper discontinued till all dues are paid, but at the
option of the Publisher.
ADVERTISEMENTS inserted on the usual terms;
the proprietor not being accountable for any error in
any advertisement beyond the amount charged for it.
COMMUNICATIONS, and LETTERS on business must be
addressed to the publisher, Post-paid.



POETRY.

TO THE EAGLE.

Bird of the broad and sweeping wing,
Thy house is high in heaven,
Where wide the storms their banners fling,
And the tempest clouds are driven.
Thy throne is on the mountain top;
Thy fields the boundless air;
And hoary peaks, that proudly prop
The skies, thy dwellings are.
Thou stittest like a thing of light
Amidst the noon tide blaze;
The midway sun is clear and bright;
It cannot dim thy gaze.
Thy pinions to the rushing blast,
O'er the burning billow spread,
Where the vessel plunges, hurry past,
Like an angel of the dead.
Thou art perched aloft on the beetling crag,
And the waves are white below;
And on, with haste that cannot lag,
They rush in an endless flow.
Again thou hast planned thy wing for flight
To the lands beyond the sea,
And away, like a spirit wreathed in light,
Thou hurriest, wild and free.

Thou hurriest over the myriad waves,
And thou leavest them all behind;
Thou sweepst that place of unkind graves,
Fleet as the tempest wind.
When the night storm grows dim and dark,
With a shrill and hoarse scream,
Thou roushest by the foundering bark
Quick as a passing dream.
Lord of the boundless realms of air,
Thy heart is all the bold and ardent dare
The dangerous path of fame.
Dear to the shrill of thy golden wings,
The downy looms below,
From the river of Egypt's cloudy springs,
Their pride of the polar shore.
For thee they fought, for thee they fell,
And their oath was on the land;
To the clashing rattle of their sword,
And the dying warrior's yell.
Thou wert, through an age of death and tears,
The image of pride and power,
Till the gathered rage of a thousand years
Burst forth in one awful hour.

And then a deluge of wrath it came,
And the nations shook with dread;
And it swept the earth till its fields were flame,
And piled with the mingled dead.
Kings were rolled in the wasteful flood
With the low and crouching slave;
And together lay, in a shroud of blood,
The coward and the brave.
And where was then thy fearless flight?
O'er the dark, and mysterious sea,
To the lands that caught the setting light,
The cradle of liberty.
There, on the silent and lonely shore,
For ages I watched alone,
And the world in its darkness asked no more
Where the glorious bird had flown.
But then came a bold and hardy few,
And they braved the unknown wave;
I caught afar the wandering crew,
And I knew they were high and brave.
I wheeled around the welcome bark
As it sought the desolate shore,
And up to heaven, like a joyous lark,
My quivering pinions bore.

And now that bold and hardy few
Are a nation wide and strong;
And nation and doubt I have led them through
And they worship my song;
And over their bright and glancing arms,
On field, and lake, and sea,
With an eye that fires, and a spell that charms,
I guide them to victory.

From Waldie's Circulating Library.
Extract from the "Cruise of the
Midge."

"Your doctrine is orthodox, highly orthodox,
I may not impugn it—certainly not; I only say
that you dwell too little on the high and incom-
prehensible mysteries of our faith, which cer-
tainly no man can understand, and rather delight
yourself in it."
Mr. Bland, all gentle as he was, here broke
in, for he had a spice of courage in him, that
when he thought himself or friends unfairly at-
tacked, never failed to prove sufficient for the
occasion.

Doctor Soorock, surprised at the interrup-
tion, made several attempts to go on, but Mr.

Bland held his own with unlooked-for energy;
as he spoke as follows:—

"My dear doctor—you allow my doctrine to
be orthodox, and I humbly trust it is so, and I
living here in a beautiful pastoral country, a-
mongst a happy and contented people, lean
more to praising the Almighty for his goodness
than bowing before his throne in dust and ash-
es. I hope I shall not be held guilty of any great
crime there!" Here the fine old man pointed
up towards heaven, his face kindling as he spoke.
"When Moses Bland, my helper there, came to
the kirk to preach the day you indicate, all na-
ture was rejoicing.

"It was a beautiful summer's day. I had
scarcely ever seen the outline of the mountain
so hard and clear and sharply defined, as it
hove up and out, high into the cold pure blue
of the cloudless sky. The misty cap that usu-
ally conceals the bald peak yonder, had blown
off before the fresh breeze that rustled cheerily
among the twittering leaves; disclosing the gray
scalp, the haunt of the glen and the eagle, with
the glittering streaks of unmelting but not un-
sunned snow filling the wrinkle-like storm rifts;
whose ice-feld streamlets loomed in the distance
still and fixed like frozen gouts of pure sea
foam, but lower down sparkled in the sun, flow-
ing with a perceptible motion as if the hoary
giant had been shedding glad tears of dropping
diamonds.

"Still nearer, the silver chainlets of their
many rills were welded into one small waterfall,
that leapt from its rocky ledge, white as the
reaths that fed it; bending and wavering in the
breeze, and gradually thinning as it fell into the
Gray Mare's Tail, until it blew off in smoke,
and vanished along her, scarcely moistening
the black and mossy stones of the shallow
basin beneath. Below this and skirting the
dry ridge of shingle, the paired moorfool, for
the cheepers ludia taken wing yet, were whir-
ring among the purple heather, that glowed un-
der the bright sunlight, as if the mountain had
been girdled in with a ruby zone; while farther
down, the sheep bleating to their lambs, pow-
dered the whole green hillside, like pearls sprin-
kled on a velvet mantle.

"The kine were lowing in the valley, as they
stood knee-deep in the cool burn, whisking a-
way the flies, under the vocal shadow of the
overhanging saughs. The gray heron was
floating above the spongy flora, from spring to
spring, from one dark green tuft of rushes to an-
other, so ghostlike, that you could not tell it
from its shadow; the birds were singing among
the trees; the very crackling of the furze pods
in the sun had an exhilarating and joyous sound;
and the drowsy and moaning hum of the myr-
iads of bees, that floated into the weed and kirk
through the open window, from the plane-trees
that overshadowed it; dangerous as the sound
had been to a prosy preacher, on a sultry
Sabbath." (here old Clour cocked his eye)
"It was but a soothing melody to me, for Mos-
es was in the poopit, and I knew there was
nae sleeping there that day. There was
happiness in the very caving of the rocks in the
old trees of the kirkyard, as they peered down
at us with eyes askance, as much as to say, 'ay,
freens, there's nae gun among ye the day.'"

"The farmers came along cracking blithely
as they looked over the sea of waving grain,
now in ear, and fast bronzing under the genial
sun, that covered the whole strath; the trout
were glancing and leaping at the gray flies,
and the ducks of the villages were flapping and
squattering in the burn (ye'll mind the plum*)
you lost your wig in, doctor) where the lasses
were washing their feet, glancing like silver ar-
rang the sparkling wimplies of the clear yet
moss-browned water, and putting on their shoes
and stockings, preparatory to their entering the
sanctuary, therein differing from the heathen,
who cast off their slippers at the threshold. Auld
Widow Miller herself, sober sedate body, was
beeking with Tam Clink the blacksmith, as
she came along by the holly hedge; even the
hard-worked carriers' horses, with their galled
backs and shoulders, and the very bunnies stick-
ing through their flanks, where frisking awk-
wardly with their iron joints (like so many of
their wooden scaffold-supporting namesakes be-
witched), in clumsy imitation of the beautiful
filly there, and neighing on the other side of
the hedge from you, speaking as plain as
Balaam's ass, that the Sabbath was for them
also; ay, when the very Spirit of God himself
seemed visibly abroad on the smiling face of
the glad earth, it is to be wondered at that a
man of genius—na, Moses, ye needna blush!
—that an extempore preacher like him, should,
with so much natural eloquence, have exclam-
ed, 'Shall all creatures, animate and inanimate,
praise the Lord for his goodness, with one un-
iversal burst of joy; and shall man alone, while
he worships with fear and trembling, not min-
gle with the groan of his just humiliation at
shout of heart-warm and heartfelt gratitude to
the Almighty Dispenser of all this happiness a-
round him?'"

"There was a pause, that made the good old
man turn round, startled apparently at his own
vehementness—"even at the sound himself had
made."
"Oh, man, Pate Clour, what for lide ye let
yeer auld frien mak sicca a fula o' himself?"

* Plam—a deep pool, or hole excavated by the eddies
of a stream.

"Fule, Jemmy Bland!—fule!—ye ne'er
were mare eloquent in your life." Then,
interrupted, doctor—than to edify their hearers.
A good practical sermon should be like a jicot
o' wee blackfaced Highland mutton, short in
the shank, and pitly, and nutritious, which
every body can digest something o', frae the
fasting restless callant, wi' a clue in his breeks,
till the auld stand elder, who hears ye not as
if his tail were Tam Clink's anvil. But if you
eram the lieges until they yawn again, wi' a
long metaphysical discourse, however
good and orthodox it may be, of an hour
and a half for instance, it becomes, through
their sheer weariness and physical lassitude,
as useless to them as one o' your flummery, fu-
sionless, fashionable valentines; that only fishes
folk to swallow, blaws them up wi' wind, and
sours upon their stomachs when a's done. But
that's no the worst o' for you preach up such
an unattainable standard o' faith and conduct
in these dreigh discourses o' yours, that no
humble-minded man can ever hope to reach
unto it. Why, the very last time I heard you
hold forth, you wor ed away a hail hour in
building up such a beautiful and heavenly-mind-
ed character, that an angel might have had
some sma' chance o' copying it, but no mere
mortal; and then, as if to deprive even the
best of your hearers—if any one there could
have been audacious enough to dream of com-
ing up to your discription—you finished by
telling them—'ay if they were even all this
and mair, yet if they wanted an incomprehens-
ible something, that you yourself did not seem
to understand weel—at least you failed to make
me do sae—'all was in vain,'—they were in a
state of utter and hopeless condemnation."

Here the doctor tried to break in, but Clour
kept the lead gallantly. "Indeed, so far as I
see, your object is to get people into an enthu-
siastical fermentation, as if their minds were to
be purified, and racked clear, on the principle
of a brewer's vat, or as if you were endeavour-
ing to make all your parishioners utterly mis-
erable here, to ensure them of happiness hereaf-
ter—now reduced to the sordid, the gaizened, and
the grining; folk who are never happy so long
as they think they have the smallest chance of
being saved, while you have driven forth all
dence and believing men and women, who
have mair sense than follow a shepherd who
never leads them to the breezy hillside, nor the
verdant meadow, nor the cool brook, nor the
shady grove, nor gives them a taste of milk and
honey—(oh, man, do you ever read the psalm
of David?)—but either keeps pouter-pouter-
ing with them down in the mountain-shadowed
abyss, among the bogs, and ditches, and moss-
lags, where the dead dig his peats frae, in the
Slough of Despond; until they catch the rot of
the soul, and perish miserably in the mud of
hypocondriasis—dear me, I'm almost breath-
less wi' that lang sentence—or whistles them
away up among the flint-sharp pinnacles on the
cloud misty heights of abstract speculation, un-
til many o' them soar into the clouds, and flee
out o' sight a' thegither, beyond the attri-
tion of this sublunary sphere; while you brand us
of moderate opinions who inhabit the pleasant
hillside between the two extremes, as castaways,
living in the gulf of bitterness and bond of in-
equity. Oh, man, Soorock!" (forgetting the
doctor in his excitement)—"you ought to have
been a Brannin, man, a Hindhu Brannin, and to
have broadly, and at ance, told the people that,
to be sure of heaven, there was nae recipe so
efficacious as swinging by a hook through their
flesh, at the end of a lang pole here, or the
high church door of our creed, by driving
temperately unto their doops."

(From the N. Y. Transcript)
ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE

Most or all of our readers must have heard of
the romantic episode in the loves and lives of the
parents of the celebrated 'Thos' Becket, Arch-
bishop of Canterbury; being no less a circum-
stance than that the father of the Archbishop
went to fight a Infidel Saracens in the Holy Land,
and while there he was wounded, taken prisoner,
and was nursed by a beautiful young female
pagan, who like most young warrior nurses fell
desperately in love with the object of her atten-
tion and solicitude. After the elder Becket
sailed from the Holy Land for England she be-
came absolutely inconsolable at his departure,
and a short time afterwards she secretly left her
father's house, with a little money and a few jew-
els, made her way to Arce, took her passage in
a ship bound for England, landed in London—
and although she could not speak a word of the
language, except the name of the being she
loved, and only knew this, viz: that his Christian
name was Thomas, she went crying that word
through the streets of the great city until she
found him—soon after which they were mar-
ried. Singular as the above story seems, we have
to record one to-day almost as romantic. Some-
time in the course of the last year, as one of
our fast sailing Liverpool vessels was dropping
down the Mersey, with a fair wind and tide, for
New York, the hands on board observed a
small sail boat in the river astern of the ship con-
taining a party of pleasure, which was upset by
a squall. The ship's yards were braced round,
her topsails backed, and a boat lowered, which
made for the party in the water. They were

hour at a time, do sae rather to magnify them-
selves, if the truth were known—I'd no be in-
terrupted, doctor—than to edify their hearers.
A good practical sermon should be like a jicot
o' wee blackfaced Highland mutton, short in
the shank, and pitly, and nutritious, which
every body can digest something o', frae the
fasting restless callant, wi' a clue in his breeks,
till the auld stand elder, who hears ye not as
if his tail were Tam Clink's anvil. But if you
eram the lieges until they yawn again, wi' a
long metaphysical discourse, however
good and orthodox it may be, of an hour
and a half for instance, it becomes, through
their sheer weariness and physical lassitude,
as useless to them as one o' your flummery, fu-
sionless, fashionable valentines; that only fishes
folk to swallow, blaws them up wi' wind, and
sours upon their stomachs when a's done. But
that's no the worst o' for you preach up such
an unattainable standard o' faith and conduct
in these dreigh discourses o' yours, that no
humble-minded man can ever hope to reach
unto it. Why, the very last time I heard you
hold forth, you wor ed away a hail hour in
building up such a beautiful and heavenly-mind-
ed character, that an angel might have had
some sma' chance o' copying it, but no mere
mortal; and then, as if to deprive even the
best of your hearers—if any one there could
have been audacious enough to dream of com-
ing up to your discription—you finished by
telling them—'ay if they were even all this
and mair, yet if they wanted an incomprehens-
ible something, that you yourself did not seem
to understand weel—at least you failed to make
me do sae—'all was in vain,'—they were in a
state of utter and hopeless condemnation."

Here the doctor tried to break in, but Clour
kept the lead gallantly. "Indeed, so far as I
see, your object is to get people into an enthu-
siastical fermentation, as if their minds were to
be purified, and racked clear, on the principle
of a brewer's vat, or as if you were endeavour-
ing to make all your parishioners utterly mis-
erable here, to ensure them of happiness hereaf-
ter—now reduced to the sordid, the gaizened, and
the grining; folk who are never happy so long
as they think they have the smallest chance of
being saved, while you have driven forth all
dence and believing men and women, who
have mair sense than follow a shepherd who
never leads them to the breezy hillside, nor the
verdant meadow, nor the cool brook, nor the
shady grove, nor gives them a taste of milk and
honey—(oh, man, do you ever read the psalm
of David?)—but either keeps pouter-pouter-
ing with them down in the mountain-shadowed
abyss, among the bogs, and ditches, and moss-
lags, where the dead dig his peats frae, in the
Slough of Despond; until they catch the rot of
the soul, and perish miserably in the mud of
hypocondriasis—dear me, I'm almost breath-
less wi' that lang sentence—or whistles them
away up among the flint-sharp pinnacles on the
cloud misty heights of abstract speculation, un-
til many o' them soar into the clouds, and flee
out o' sight a' thegither, beyond the attri-
tion of this sublunary sphere; while you brand us
of moderate opinions who inhabit the pleasant
hillside between the two extremes, as castaways,
living in the gulf of bitterness and bond of in-
equity. Oh, man, Soorock!" (forgetting the
doctor in his excitement)—"you ought to have
been a Brannin, man, a Hindhu Brannin, and to
have broadly, and at ance, told the people that,
to be sure of heaven, there was nae recipe so
efficacious as swinging by a hook through their
flesh, at the end of a lang pole here, or the
high church door of our creed, by driving
temperately unto their doops."

all rescued except a young lady, who becoming
separated from the rest, was carried down the
river by the rapidity of the tide, and must in-
evitably have been lost, had it not been for the
watchfulness and intrepidity of the mate of the
ship, who instantly jumped into the fore-chains,
dropped into the water, swam to the drowning
girl, and being a strong young man, supported
her till the boat reached and took them both
up.—She was taken on board the ship
(which was hove to) until she recovered,
when the rescued party were ultimately landed.
Strange to say, the parties all separated without
the name of the vessel, or any of her people,
being made known to the rescued parties; and
the ship was soon under way for New York. On
her return to Liverpool, the mate—who was a
fine, handsome fellow, and who had not failed
to observe, during their short acquaintance, that
the lady he had rescued was a beautiful woman
—that it might not be so much amiss to endeav-
or to find her out, and enquire after her health.
With these objects in view, he hurried over a
file of old Liverpool papers, and discovered
that on such a day, 1834, a party of pleasure in
a sail boat, including Miss Mary—had
been rescued from a watery grave by the crew
of a vessel bound out; but as some forty or
fifty vessels (which were wind-bound) sailed
the same day, the name of the vessel was not
known. On making further enquiries, he found
that the young lady's brother (a surgeon) was
one of the rescued people, and that they had
left Liverpool and gone to reside in the country.
He obtained leave of absence from the ship,
without any chart or compass to steer by, he
mounted a horse and rode out of the town to-
wards Warrington.—He had not proceeded
half a dozen miles, before his horse took fright,
ran off, and threw him violently on his head.
He was taken up senseless, and carried to the
nearest house, which fortunately happened to
be a surgeon's.—He lay some days in a critical
state, and the first object that met his vision on
regaining his senses was the form of the fair
Mary above alluded to, seated by his bed-side,
bathing his temples and officiating as his nurse.
She blushed deeply on perceiving that he re-
cognized her, and hastily leaving the room sent
in her brother and an older (but less agreeable)
female nurse. Finding him still too weak to con-
verse, they assured him that he was with friends,
deeply sensible of their indebtedness to him,
and who were but too happy to have it in their
power to contribute to his comfort. He was
now convalescent, and sinking into a sound sleep
they left him.—He awoke very late the next
day much refreshed; but as neither his host nor
his sister made their appearance, he enquired
for them, and learnt that they had both been
called up in the night, and had gone some dis-
tance to attend the dying bed of a near relative.
Not thinking it necessary to explain to the old
nurse, he did not state who he was, but waited
anxiously re-appearance of Mary, whom he had
already begun to feel an interest for. The next
day he was surprised by the visit of his captain,
who stated that the horse had found its way back
to the livery stable without a rider, which the
owner reported to the ship: he had tried to
find out what had become of the mate, but
could not until that very he had heard
at an inn a young sailor had been hurt,
and was lying at Mr.—'s. The cap-
tain added that the ship had been suddenly or-
dered to sea, had taken in her cargo, and was
ready to sail that afternoon's tide. There be-
ing no time to lose, the mate wrote a letter to the
surgeon, which he left unsealed on the table, and
in which he said all that was necessary, includ-
ing an intention to revisit them on the next voy-
age: a carriage was procured, and he, though
feeble went to Liverpool, and that evening sailed
in his old vessel for New York. The letter left
by the mate, unfortunately was never received
by those for whom it was intended, being, as
was supposed, obtained read and destroyed by
a young lawyer, who had made Mary an offer
of marriage, and been refused, but still visited
the house. Thus on their return home, Mary
and her brother were still without the least clue
to the 'local habitation or name' of their pres-
erver, with this exception, that the lawyer, in the
course of an incidental conversation, had sneer-
ingly observed, that the mate was, a poor mean
yaukie, but denied knowing his name. Mary fret-
ted and pined away, and at last took to her bed,
for almost unconsciously she had become deep-
ly attached to the sailor; her illness assumed at
last a serious character, and it being evident that
she would not survive unless she again saw the
object of her affections, her brother (at her ur-
gent request) took ship for North America, and
landed in Boston a few days ago, whence they
came on to this city on Sunday night. The
passage, and hoping to meet with the one she
loved, restored her to comparative health and
strength, and they put up at a private boarding
house in Pearl st. Thus had Mary traveled
double the distance of Becket's mother, without
knowing even the christian or sir-name of her
beloved. In the mean time the mate arrived
at New York, was transferred to the command
of a merchantman in the southern trade, was
east away, fell ill, wrote to Europe, his letter
mis-carried—he sailed himself for England, went
to the surgeon's house, was told about Mary,
and that she had then sailed about seven days
for Boston. He took passage in the first vessel

came on to New York, and without knowing that they were in the same house, actually put up at the same place, and slept under the same roof with Mary and her brother on Sunday night. In the morning when he descended to the breakfast table, where he found the family already assembled, the first object that met his view on entering the room was the form of the fair traveller. She saw his face—uttered no exclamation, but sprang from her seat towards him, and would have fallen had he not rushed forward and caught her in his arms, exclaiming: "Good God! Mary, is this you?" as she fainted away. When she recovered, mutual explanations and greetings took place, and we are happy to say that they were married yesterday afternoon and set off the same evening to spend the honeymoon at Albany.

ADDRESS. TO THE DEMOCRATIC REPUBLICANS OF THE UNITED STATES.

FELLOW CITIZENS:

You have already been apprised of the fact, that a National Convention of Republican delegates was recently held in the city of Baltimore, for the purpose of ascertaining and representing the wishes of the Republican party, and giving it effect in the ensuing Presidential election. This Convention was collected from various parts of our Union, and was both numerous and respectable. Among other duties, it was pleased to assign to us the important one of addressing our Republican brethren upon the present interesting crisis of our political affairs, and enforcing upon them, in the manner we might deem best, the urgent necessity of harmony and union, in the approaching contest. The subject upon which it has been made our duty to address you, is not only one which deserves to be attentively considered, but is, in our opinion, intimately connected with the existence of the efficacy of popular elections. Feeling, as we do, the importance and delicacy of the trust which has thus confided to us, we shall proceed to discharge in the manner we deem the most respectable to you, and the best calculated to meet the wishes and approbation of those by whose authority we act.

The high and exalted station of President of such a Nation, the power and patronage of the office, and the number of competitors, [who, according to the genius of our Institutions, will always aspire to the station] cannot fail to subject the People of the United States to all those agitations which have, in all ages, marked the progress of every elective Government on earth. Indeed, ambitious struggles for political power of this character, with all the bad passions they necessarily engender, were not only regarded by our political Fathers, as one of the most formidable evils which threaten our free Institutions, but probably the severest trial to which they would be exposed. Hence the obligation and duty which they so strongly inculcated upon the people of guarding against and mitigating those evils, by vigilance, moderation and caution.

The interesting question of, "Who is to be our next President?" is now fairly before the Nation and considered in connection with all its probable consequences, may justly be regarded as one of the most important which has been agitated in our country. In its issue, are not only involved the fate of Democratic Republican principles, but the whole course of our national policy. Nay, more, it will comprehend in its result, not only the judgment of the present, but a direction of the future course of the administration of our National Government; and that, too, pronounced by the highest authority of the Republic, the sovereignty of the People. Such a contest at such a time, cannot fail to produce the deepest political and party excitement; and the more attentively the subject shall be considered, the deeper will become the conviction of its importance, and the necessity of vigilance and caution on the part of the People. It must, moreover, Fellow Citizens, be now very apparent that in a country like ours, of such vast extent and diversified interests, it can seldom happen, in the course of human events, that any citizen will possess such pre-eminent qualifications and popularity, over all others, as to command the votes of a decided majority of the People; and consequently the best manner of concentrating the popular will, and giving it effect, in relation to the Candidates for those high offices, will not only attract a large share of public attention, but will be regarded by the whole Nation as a subject of absorbing interest. Such has already been the case, in relation to the approaching election. The people feel it the more sensibly too, inasmuch as the evils which must flow from filling offices so much sought after, and of such vast responsibility, with men who are neither the first nor the second choice of a majority, are greatly aggravated by the defects of our Constitution, which devolves the election, in case no individual has received a majority of the electoral votes, upon the House of Representatives. It was to prevent the mischief, which might result from having a Chief Magistrate thus imposed upon the Nation, contrary to its wishes, that the Democracy of the Union (following the example of their Republican fathers) have lately united in a National Convention, and agreed to present to their country candidates for the two high Executive offices of the Government.

In the early history of our Confederation common dangers produced concert of action, and in the two first elections of a President the preeminent merits of Gen. Washington made harmless this defect in our political system. For long, meritorious, and well tried services, the Chief Magistracy was bestowed upon this illustrious citizen, unsought and unsolicited, by the unanimous voice of his country. So too, at the third election, which was, no doubt, essen-

tially influenced by the opinions and administration of that great and good man, and his associates, it was not materially felt. At the fourth election, however, the defect was made evident, in the strongest colours. Then was displayed, one avenue at least through which ambition and Party might successfully triumph over the People's will; and, although the particular point, from which the danger rose, was immediately seized on, and guarded by subsequent amendments of the Constitution, the radical defect which enabled a President to be elected (in case of no popular choice) by the representatives of a small minority of the People, was left wholly untouched. The contest which then took place, as violent as it was alarming, was fruitful, however, of the soundest admonition to the leaders of the Republican Party, at the head of which stood the great apostle of Liberty, Thomas Jefferson. To avert the mischief and danger of an election by the House of Representatives, and to secure unity of action amongst the Republican Party, they undertook to devise means to concentrate, in all future elections the votes of that portion of the people who adopted their creed, upon a single candidate. For that purpose recourse was first had to Congressional caucuses. The system was then resorted to, and justified, as one of necessity. Its avowed, and real object was to secure the election of a Republican Chief Magistrate, and prevent such collusion as might transfer the choice to the House of Representatives. It was in this way, and through the agency of the Republican members of Congress, making nominations, in Caucus assembled, that Mr. Jefferson, Mr. Madison, and Mr. Monroe, were presented as Candidates to the American People, and were elected and re-elected, by large majorities of the popular suffrages. Thus far, one of the great objects of the Constitution, (an election by the people in their primary colleges,) was believed to be guarded and secured. But this system was attacked and overthrown in the memorable contest of 1824-5; and the failure by the Republican Party on that occasion to elect its candidate, was followed by the election of a Chief Magistrate by the House of Representatives, in utter disregard of the popular will, and under circumstances which produced the deepest excitement. Indeed, so strongly impressed was the distinguished individual who was the object of that choice, of the importance of an election by the People of their President, that, in this answer to the Joint Committee who announced to him his appointment, he declared, "That could his refusal to accept the trust delegated to him, give an immediate opportunity to the People, to form and express, with a nearer approach to unanimity, the object of their preference, he should not hesitate to decline the acceptance of the eminent charge, and submit the momentous question again to their determination." What less than the deepest conviction of the danger of an election by the House of Representatives, instead of the People, could have induced him, in the moment of triumph, to hold such language. What stronger avowement, of the importance of a clear expression of the popular will, and this defect in our Constitution, could have been given than this? This election, however, and the state of things to which it gave rise, soon roused the People, and the elements of the Old Republican Party rallied around General Jackson as the individual, in whose person popular rights and power were to be vindicated. After a very violent and embittered contest, they succeeded in placing him in the Presidential Chair. Of the election of 1824-5, and the scenes which then occurred, it is not needful, nor would it be proper, here to speak. They form a prominent and interesting part of the history of those times of our Republic, and will long be regarded by every friend of Representative Government, as a political beacon, rather than a precedent. This election, however, did more; it satisfied the friends of Popular Sovereignty, of the necessity of again resorting to some mode, for the purpose of securing this important election to the People, and preventing the recurrence of those scenes of intrigue and ambition, which were pre-ent on that occasion, and maybe expected invariably to be presented on an election of the President by the House of Representatives. In the case of General Jackson owing to the peculiar circumstances, no step was deemed necessary to concentrate their power, and embody the popular will, as it had been sufficiently indicated in the previous contest. Besides his great and signal military services, he had become so much endeared to the Republican Party, by the bold and determined manner in which he had resisted the principles and doctrine of the previous administration, that no measures of the sort were deemed necessary to ensure his re-election. He accordingly came in, by an overwhelming vote of the American People. But the Republicans were not so fortunate, in relation to a candidate for the Vice Presidency, and danger was apprehended from the number of candidates, and at the conflicting claims and divisions of different sections of the Union. To obviate these, the Republicans of New Hampshire, with a disinterested patriotism worthy of themselves, came forward and proposed a National Convention, as the best means of healing divisions, and securing the triumph of Republicanism; and it was accordingly held with the happiest effect. This Convention, no doubt, gave rise to that which has recently been held in Baltimore, and whose proceedings are now submitted for your approval.

Is there one liberal and disinterested Republican who considers the provisions of our Constitution in relation to this subject, the efforts that are making to carry the election to Congress, and who is opposed to such an election, that can fail to perceive the necessity of adopting some plan to unite the Democracy of the country, and give effect to its will in this

important election. We think not. The only alternative then presented, is a National Convention, springing immediately from the People, and representing the various parts of the Union, or an abandonment of the expedient for concentrating the will, substituted for that of Congressional caucus nominations, and an election by the House of Representatives. Of the evils of such an election, you require, Fellow Citizens, at this day neither argument nor admonition from us. Few, it is to be hoped, if any, now doubt, that the wise men who framed our system, intended to secure to the People, the choice of the Executive branch of their Government, and to render it wholly independent of the Federal Legislature. The choice by and responsibility of the President to the People, was one of the vital principles of the system. Is this not manifest from the manner in which the consideration itself was created? In its organization, are not the House of Representatives and the Executive, alone regarded as the popular branches of the Government, and immediately responsible to the People? But not so to the Senate. There the equitable principle of representation, founded on contribution and population, was as a matter of compromise disregarded. In that Branch of the Government, each State on the score of its sovereignty, has equal rights. Its legislative powers are co-extensive with the popular branch, with the exception of money bills! No laws can pass without its concurrence; the most important proceedings of the Executive are subject to its revision; all important appointments require its assent. There is the power to ratify treaties, and try all impeachments of the high officers of the Government, Executive and Judicial! There the small State of Delaware, with a population of 75 thousand, has a representation equal to New York, with more than two millions! There four States, with a population of more than five millions, are only entitled to a representation equal to the four smallest, with a population of less than four hundred thousand! There one half of the nation, residing in four or five of the largest States, has a representation only equal to about the thirtieth part, residing in the four smallest States! There on half of the American People, residing in four or five States, are represented by eight or ten votes only whilst the others are represented by thirty-eight or forty! Would the convention have been willing, or would the people ever have consented to give such powers to one branch of the Government, and that too constituted as the Senate is, unless it had been intended to leave the others to the immediate action of the popular will, and especially one so important as that of electing the President? Besides, the Constitution, in its letter as well as in its spirit, shews that this was the case, and that it was never intended to give Congress any control over the election of President, save only where the people should fail to make a choice in their primary colleges, which, it was then believed, would rarely if ever occur. Hence, the only duty assigned to Congress by the Constitution was to count the votes in a convention of both Houses, and declare the result. The Constitution, moreover, it will be recollected, contains only two disqualifications upon this subject:—The first and most important of which is, that no Senator or Representative in Congress should be appointed an elector of President or Vice President of the United States.

For what purpose was this qualification, but to exclude Congress from any participation in the appointment, and to guard against the possibility of intrigue and corruption? The men of that day were too sagacious not to know that in deciding so important an election as that of President of such a nation, especially at periods of great political excitement, intrigue and ambition would have their influence, if they did not govern the decision; and that individual interest might prevail over the general good, especially as it would always be known before the election took place, that a few individuals in Congress would hold in their hands the power of deciding the question. Besides the objections springing from ambition and intrigue, there was another and stronger still to an election by Congress—and that was, that in this mode you strike a fatal blow at representative government itself, by giving the power to elect the most important office of the republic to a minority of the people. Can there be an evil more threatening to the peace and integrity of the Union, and which ought to be more dreaded by every friend of free government? It has been justly remarked, and it cannot be too strongly and often repeated, that one of the greatest evils which can threaten public liberty and our happy system, next to revolution and disunion, is an election of President by the House of Representatives! In this sentiment we are quite sure a large portion of the American People will concur, and it is therefore against the dangers and evils of such an election, that the liberal and enlightened of all parties should be most anxious to guard. Nor is this view weakened by the fact that such an election by Congress is authorized by the Constitution! It may be asked, we know, as it has been asked, why the sagacity of the wise framers of that instrument did not foresee these alarming consequences, and provide some other remedy? The answer is a plain one; they never imagine the occasion would arise when its exercise would be required. Indeed, so remote was deemed the possibility of an election of President by the House of Representatives, that the celebrated triumvirate of '87, (with James Madison at their head,) in defending the various provisions of the Constitution, and recommending it to their country, omitted to offer one reason in favor of this provision, or to defend such a mode of appointment. A negative argument, to be sure, but one entitled to

great consideration. But, fellow citizens, whatever may be the mode or means of concentration which the Republican party shall adopt to avoid these evils, they must expect to be assailed by the enemies of their principles, with all the artifice of ambition and the ingenuity of party. Their motto is, "Divide and Conquer." They know that, united, the Democracy of our country is, and ever will be invincible. That to govern it, its opponents must distract and divide it. By destroying the means of union by which only the democracy can conquer. The opposition is a smaller body, and has more bonds of union. In their systems of corporations and exclusive privileges—in the partial legislation of this State, as well as the United States, which enable the rich to become richer, and render the poor poorer, its members have a common interest, which will generally induce them to act together. If to the power of union of wealth and general intelligence, they are enabled to add the advantages of division among the Democracy, they are certain to govern the country, to mould all its laws and direct their administration. It is against such division, therefore, that the Democracy should ever guard with sleepless vigilance. All the means of preserving union should be cherished by them with almost the same tenacity, as those principles which, without such union, can never have practical effect. To these advantages, which our political enemies expect from our divisions are to be ascribed all the attacks which have been made, and will continue to be made, upon the Republican party, and the Convention recently held by them in Baltimore. The objections to it are as various as the Protean shapes which the opposition themselves assume when, having failed in their attempts to defeat the Convention with the people, will now assail it and its proceedings with renewed vigor. It becomes, then, not only proper, but matter of duty in us, to examine some of the most prominent of these objections, and we shall proceed to do so in as brief a manner as possible.

The first is that against the character of the Convention itself. It is denounced in strong and unmeasured terms by the whole body of the opposition, not only as a mere instrument of party and gross assumption of power, but as a system of dictation by self-organized and irresponsible individuals, intended to control and bias the popular will, and in violation of the true principles of our Constitution. That it is the will of the individuals only who compose these assemblies, and not that of the People, which gives the fiat.

Without yielding up for a moment what we conceive to be among the soundest democratic doctrines, that in relation to public affairs any number of citizens, however assembled, have a right, in a respectful manner, to offer their opinions and express their wishes; and in so doing are entitled to be respectfully heard, we insist that the late convention held in Baltimore, was no voluntary and unauthorized assemblage of individuals; but that upon any fair and unprejudiced view, it consisted substantially of delegates from a very large portion of the Union, in whose candor a fair expression of the choice of the Democracy of their respective portions of the country was made. That its members were supposed to speak, not their individual sentiments alone, but the opinions and wishes of those whom they represent. That they did not permit themselves to indulge individual and local preferences and partialities, but were bound by a sense of duty to collect and compare the sentiments of the people everywhere, and recommend those who possessed the largest share of public confidence. They acted in this as a high representative character, and if it be true, that an Elector is bound to follow implicitly the will of his constituents, upon what ground can it be said that a Convention, thus constituted, would have any latitude of discretion, in the nomination of individuals without regard to the opinions and wishes of the people? What then are the safeguards against misconduct in all such Conventions. Simply that care be taken that they emanate directly from the people, convene at some central point, and be separated as far as practicable from the influence of the existing administration. Would not such a mode of nomination be much more likely to embody and give effect to the popular will, than any that has yet been adopted? Is it not preferable to the old mode of Congressional caucuses sustained for more than twenty years by the established usages of the republican party, and which resulted in the election of Mr. Jefferson, Mr. Madison and Mr. Monroe. If that mode was justified in the language of the Caucus of 1808—"From the necessity of the case, from a deep conviction of the importance of union to the republicans throughout all parts of the United States, and as the best mode of consulting and representing the interests and wishes of all upon a subject so interesting to the whole people of the United States"—now much more ought that of a National Convention to be justified by the same considerations, at the present moment? If it was then proper to resort to a caucus as a means of producing union among the Republicans, of arresting discord, and preventing an election by the House of Representatives, why shall we not now resort to a less objectionable and better mode of the accomplishment of the same objects. If it was then necessary, with only two opposing candidates, it is now indispensable, when we have so many aspirants? If a Congressional Caucus received the approbation of such men as Jefferson, Madison and Monroe (as it did, for they accepted formally their nominations) why have we not right to expect they would sanction that of a National Convention? If they believed the cause of liberty and free government had

been eminently prompted by union thus produced, why shall we not profit by their example? Nor is there any force in the objection that the Republican party itself has sometimes failed to resort to Caucuses and Conventions without injury? Admit it! But because they may not always have been necessary is it therefore true, that they may not sometimes be so? Because the sufferings of the Republicans may heretofore, without them, have been concentrated upon eminent men, does it follow that they may not hereafter be beneficial to produce concert of opinion, and prevent division? Are you prepared then to throw aside all experience, all history of the past, and refuse to profit by the wisdom of our political fathers? We hope not! But all such modes are said to be liable to serious objections. Granted. But what are the evils which must arise without them? That is the question. It matters not how strong the objections to a Convention may be, the inquiry still must be, is there no less danger to be apprehended from them, than a Congressional Election? It is not a thousand times better than the evils even of a Convention, whatever they may be, should be borne, than that we be exposed to the calamities of an election by the House of Representatives, the Pandora box of our whole system? This is the only true issue.

If, however, any better mode can be devised, gladly, we doubt not, would the nation bless the amending hand. But until some amendment of the Constitution shall be adopted to cut off the possibility of an election by the House of Representatives, and cause the will of the people to be respected in the choice, of their Chief Magistrate, it should be the duty of the Republican party, either through National Conventions, or some other efficient mode, to concentrate their power, and produce harmony and union among their friends. It is in this way only, as experience has shown, and as all experience will show, that they can ever hope to maintain their ascendancy, secure the triumph of their principles, and give effect to the popular will. Whether any amendment on this subject, guarding against the evils of an election by the House of Representatives, will take place, rests alone with the people. It is becoming, however, daily a subject of increasing solicitude, and may soon result in such an amendment, as well remedy all existing defects in this vital part of our system, and secure an election to the people in every contingency! When that shall be done, then will our argument in favor of nominating candidates for the high offices of President and Vice President, through the medium of a National Convention, be obviated, because then the sovereign right to choose these officers will be secured to the people themselves in that contingency. But until this shall be accomplished, either Conventions, or some other more exceptionable mode will continue to be resorted to, as the only means of preventing greater evils to public liberty. This is all that the Democracy of the country can do, and this is what they ought, and are bound by the most solemn obligations of duty to do. It must be conceded too, by all, that according to the true principles of our constitution, the President should be elected by the people of the United States. How can that great object be effected except by the adoption of some system by which they shall be enabled to unite together and concentrate their votes? It surely becomes those who object to Conventions to point out some other mode of accomplishing that object—none other has been yet offered, and we feel fully justified in adhering to the usages of the Republican party. But who are the persons that object to Conventions? Are they not the men who have been endeavoring for years past to collect and concentrate the members of their own party, and not only the members of their own party, but the scattered fragments of all parties; the apostates from every political faith, by means of caucuses and conventions? Are they not the men, who are openly combined together, to defeat the will of the people, and carry the election to the House of Representatives, where the choice of that high office, upon which in part rests the prosperity, the happiness, and the liberty of millions, may be made to depend on bargain and intrigue, among a few individuals, who may seek their own aggrandizement at the expense of the country!

[To be concluded next week]

From the Augusta, Jge.

Riots. The spirit of riot is rife in all directions. Since our last, there has been a riot at Lynn, Mass., caused by an attempt of Thompson to disseminate his doctrines there. David L. Child, who is about going as an Anti Slavery missionary to England, played second fiddle on the occasion. The meeting house in which Thompson attempted to lecture was surrounded, but the redoubtable gentleman is supposed to have made his escape under the protection of some dozed ladies.

An Anti Slavery lecturer undertook to hold forth in Worcester, Ms., when a couple of gentlemen walked leisurely up the broad aisle, took from him his notes, and thus effectually put an end to his harangue.

In Washington, D. C. there has been much excitement for some time past, on account of the circulation of incendiary publications among the colored population of that district. A white man by the name of Reuben Crandall, had been arrested, and finally lodged in jail. A mob opposed his commitment on the ground that Lynch law was better adopted to the case than any other, and the civil officers were obliged to attend the examination of the prisoner in the jail. At the last accounts the mob had destroyed several tenements occupied by negroes, in one of which they found a quantity of incen-

there has been much
past, on account of
ary publications a-
on of that district.—
of Reuben Crandall,
lly lodged in jail.—
tment on the ground
adopted to the case
il officers were oblig-
on of the prisoner in
nts the mob had des-
occupied by negroes,
a quantity of incen-

The whig papers, as they call themselves, or federal as we call them, give their readers all the encouragement they dare to promise, which is but small. They appear to feel that their promises and assertions are not received with any confidence, even by their friends, and that their boasts have been so repeatedly followed by defeat, that they no longer afford any encouragement even to the most sanguine. They now tell their friends that if the democratic party can be frightened out of the sup-

war—a war, which, if it once commence and become general in that part of the country where the colored race most abounds, can hardly be expected to terminate but by the entire subjugation or nearly the entire extirpation of the colored population.

In expressing these opinions, however, we would not be considered as approving slavery. We believe it not only morally wrong, but that in a political and economical point of view it is injurious to the country. But slavery was established, and had struck deep roots in the institutions of the country, before we were an independent people. It was forced upon us by the mother country—

cussed and considered, *Voted*, (no one dissenting therefrom) to accept and adopt the same, as conveying a just expression of the views and sentiments of this meeting.

Paris, Aug. 17.] A. ANDREWS & Co. 1

Attest—R. K. GOODENOW, Clerk.
A true copy of said Petition and Order thereon.
Attest—R. K. GOODENOW, Clerk.

there has been much
past, on account of
ary publications a-
on of that district.—
of Reuben Crandall,
ally lodged in jail.—
ment on the ground
adopted to the case
il officers were oblig-
on of the prisoner in
nts the mob had des-
occupied by negroes,
a quantity of incen-

